Mississippi Democrat.

THREE DOLLARS] "THAT GOVERNMENT IS BEST WHICH GOVERNS LEAST." [IN ADVANCE.

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Miscellany.

THE LIFE CLOCK.

There is a little mystic clock
No human eye hath seen,
That beateth on and beateth on
From morning until e'en.

And when the soul is wrapt in sleep,
And heareth not a sound,
It ticks and ticks the livelong night,
And never runneth down.

Oh! wondrous is that work of art
Which knells the passing hour;
But art ne'er formed nor mind conceived
This life clock's magic power.

Nor set in gold nor decked with gems,
By wealth and pride possessed,
But rich or poor, or high or low,
Each bears it in his breast.

When life's deep stream mid beds of flowers
All still and softly glides,
Like the wavelet's step, with a gentle beat,
It warns of passing tides.

When threatening darkness gathers o'er
And hope's bright visions flee,
Like the sullen stroke of the muffled oar
It beateth heavily.

When passion nerves the warrior's arm
For deeds of hate and wrong,
Though heeded not the fearful sound,
Its knell is deep and strong.

When eyes to eyes are gazing soft
And tender words are spoken,
Then fast and wild it rattles on,
As if with love 'twere broken.

Such is the clock that measures life,
Of flesh and spirit blended,
And thus 'twill run within the heart
Till that strange tie is ended.

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

Mr. Caudle has lent an acquaintance the family umbrella. Mrs. Caudle lectures thereon.

Bah! That's the third umbrella gone since Christmas. What were you to do! Why let him go home in the rain, to be sure. I'm very certan there was nothing about *him* that could spoil. Take cold, indeed! He dosen't look like one of the sort to take cold. Besides he'd have better taken cold than taken our only umbrella. Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear the rain? Nonsense; you don't impose upon me. You can't be asleep with such a shower as that! Do you hear it, I say? Oh you *do* hear it! *Well, that's* a pretty flood, I think, to last for six weeks; and no stirring all the time out of the house. Pooh! Don't think me a fool, Mr. Caudle. Don't insult me.—*He* return the umbrella! Anybody would think you were born yesterday. As if anybody ever *did* return an umbrella!—There—do you hear it? Worse and worse! Cats and dogs, and for six weeks—always six weeks. And no umbrella!

"I should like to know how the children are to get to school to morrow. They shan't go through such weather, I'm determined. No: they shall stop at home and never learn anything—the blessed creatures!—sooner than go and get wet. And when they grow up, I wonder who they'll have to thank for knowing nothing—who, indeed, but their father? People who can't feel for their own children ought never to be fathers.

"But I know why you lent the umbrella. Oh, yes; I know very well. I was going out to tea at dear mother's to-morrow,—you knew that; and you did it on purpose. Don't tell me; you hate for me to go there, and take every mean advantage to hinder me. But don't you think it, Mr. Caudle. No, sir; if it comes down in buckets full, I'll go all the more. No: and I won't have a cab! Where do you think the money's to come from? You've got nice high notions at that club of yours! A cab, indeed! Cost me sixteenpence at least—sixteenpence!—two-and-eightpence for there's back again! Cabs, indeed! I should like to know who's to pay for 'em? *I* can't pay for 'em; and I'm sure you can't, if you go on as you do; throwing away your property, and beggaring your children—buying umbrellas!

"Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear it? But I don't care—I'll go to mother's to-morrow: I will; and what's more, I'll walk every step of the way,—and you know that will give me my death. Don't call me a foolish woman—it's you that's the foolish man. You know I can't wear clogs; and with no umbrella, that's sure to give me a cold—it always does. But what do you care for that? Nothing at all. I may be laid up for what you care, as I dare say I shall—and a pretty doctor's bill there'll be. I hope there will! It will teach you to lend your umbrella again. I shouldn't wonder if I caught my death; yes: and that't what you lent the umbrella for. Of course.

"Nice clothes, I shall get too, trapesing through weather like this. My gown and bonnet will be spoilt. Needn't I wear 'em then? Indeed, Mr. Caudle, I *shall* were 'em. No, sir, I'm not gowing out a dowdy to please you or anybody else.—Gracious knows! it isn't often that I step over the threshold; indeed, I might as well be a slave at once,—better, I should say. But when I do go out, Mr. Caudle, I choose to go as a lady. Oh! that rain—if it isn't enough to break in the windows.

"Ugh! I do look forward with dread for to-morrow! How I am to go to mother's I'm sure I can't tell. But if I die, I'll do it. No, sir; I won't borrow an umbrella. No; and you shan't buy one. (*With great emphasis.*) Mr. Caudle, if you bring home another umbrella, I'll throw it in the street. I'll have my own umbrella or none at all.

"Ha! and it was only last week I had a new nozzle put to that umbrella. I'm sure if I'd have known as much as I do now, it might have gone without one for me.—Paying for new nozzles, for other people to laugh at you. Oh, it's all well for you—you can go to sleep. You've no thought of your poor patient wife, and your own dear children. You think of nothing but lending umbrellas!

"Men, indeed!—Call themselves lords of creation!—pretty lords w'en they can't take care of an umbrella!

"I know that walk to-morrow will be the death of me. But that's what you want—then you may go to your club, and do as you like—and then, nicely my poor dear children will be used—but then, sir, then you'll be happy. Oh, don't tell me! I know you will. Else you'd never have lent the umbrella!

"You have to go on Thursday about that summons; and, of course, you can't go—No, indeed, you *don't* go without the umbrella. You may lose the debt for what I care—it won't be so much as spoiling your clothes—better lose it: people deserve to lose debts who lend umbrellas.

"And I should like to know how I'm to go to mother's without the umbrella? Oh, don't tell me that I said I *would* go—that't nothing to do with it; nothing at all.—She'll think I'm neglecting her, and the little money we were to have, we shan't have at all—because we've no umbrella.

"The children, too! Dear things! They'll be slopping wet: for they shan't stop at home—they shan't lose their learning; it's all their father will leave 'em, I'm sure.—But they *shall* go to school. Don't tell me I said they shouldn't: you are so aggravating, Caudle, you'd spoil the temper of an angel. They *shall* go to school; mark that. And if they get their deaths of cold, it's not my fault—*I* didn't lend the umbrella."

"Here," says Caudle in his MS., "I fell asleep; and dreamt that the sky was turned into green calico, with whalebone ribs; that, in fact, the whole world revolved under a tremendous umbrella." [*Punch.*

A SISTER.—He who has never known a sister's kind ministrations, nor felt his heart warming beneath her endearing smile and love beaming eye, has been unfortunate indeed; it is not to be wondered if the fountains of pure feelings flow in his bosom but sluggishly, or if the gentler emotions of his nature be lost in the sterner attributes of manhood. "That man has grown up among kind and affectionate sisters," I once heard a lady of much observation and experience remark. "And why do you think so?" said I. "Because of the rich development of all the tender and more refined feelings of the heart which is so apparent in every action—in every word." A sister's influence is felt even in manhood's later years, and the heart of him who has grown cold in its chilling contact with the world, will warm and thrill with a pure enjoyment, as some incident awakens within, the soft tones and glad melodies of his sister's voice; and he will turn from purposes which a warped and false philosophy has reasoned into expedience, and even weep for the gentle influence which moved him in his early years.

OLD MAIDS.—Now here is a plain, straight forward, sensible article from the Brooklyn Star. We have always respected and "cottoned" to a lady of mature age, and in a good state of preservation, before a regiment of misses, in what Cleopatra calls their "green and salad" days:

My dear sir, if you ever marry, marry an old maid—a good old maid—who is serious, and simple, and true. I hate these double-minded misses, who are all the time hunting after a husband. I tell you that when a woman gets to be twenty-eight, she settles into a calm—rather she "anchors in deep waters, and safe from shore." There never was a set, or class, or community of persons so belied, as these ancient ladies.

Look upon it as no reproach to a woman that she is not married at thirty or thirty-five. Above all, fall not into the vulgar notion of romances, and shallow wits—unlearned in women's hearts, because they never had the love of a true woman—that these are continually laying in wait to catch bachelor's hearts. For one woman who has floated into the calm of her years, who is anxious to *fix* you, I will find you fifty maidens in their teens, and just out, who lay a thousand snares to entrap you, and with more cold-blooded intent—for which is worse, that one of singleness of purpose should seek to lean upon you for life, or that one should seek you as a lover, to excite jealousy in others, or as a last resort?

Marry an amiable, well-bred woman, between twenty-eight and thirty-five, who is inclined to love you, and never bewilder your brains with suspicions about whether she has intentions on you or not. This is the rock of vanity upon which many a man has wrecked his best feelings and truest inclinations. Our falseness, and the falseness of society, and more than all, the false and hollow tone of language upon this subject, leave very little courage for a straightforward and independent course in the matter. What matter if a woman likes you, and shows that she does, honestly, and wishes to marry you?—the more reason for self congratulation but not for vanity. What matter if she be young or not, so she be loveable? I won't say what matter if she be plain or not—for everybody knows that that *is no* matter where love is, though it may have some business in determining the sentiment. I don't know what has led me into this course of remarks. The last thing I should have expected on sitting down to write, is, that I should have fallen into a lecture on matrimony. I am not an old maid myself, yet; but I have a clearer eye to their virtues than I have had, and begin to feel how dignified a woman may be "in her loneness—in her loneness—and the fairer for that loneness." You may think it is bespeaking favor and patience with a vengence.

Pat had been sent by his master to the quay, to purchase half a bushel of oysters, but was absent so long that apprehensions were entertained for his safety. He returned at last however, puffing under his load in the most musical style. "Where the devil have you been?" exclaimed his master. "Where have I been? why, where would I be but to fetch the oysters?" "And what in the name of St. Patrick kept you so long?" "Long! by my *sowl* I think I've been purty quick considering all things." Considering what things?" "Considering what things? why, considering the gutting of the fish to be sure!"—"Gutting what fish?" "What fish? why, blur-an-ouns, the oysters, to be sure!"—"Why what do you mean sir?" "What do I *mane?* why I mane that as I was a risting myself, down forneut the Pickled Herring, and having a *dhrop* to comfort me, a jontleman axed me what I'd got in the sack. "Oysters," says I. "Let's look at them," says he; and so he opens the bag. "Och! thunder and praties!" says he," and who *sowld* you these?" It was Mick Carney," says I, "abroad of the Powl Doodle smack." "Mick Carney the thief o' the world," says he; "what a blackguard he must be to give them to you without *gutting*." "And ar'nt they gutted," says I. "Devil a one o' them," says he.—"Musha then," says I, "what will I do?"—"Do!" says he, "I'd rather do it myself than have you abused;" and so he takes them in doors, and guts them *nate* and *clane* as you'll see;" opening at the same time his bag of oyster shells, which were as empty as the head that bore them to the house.

A gentleman was lately inquiring for a young lady of his acquaintance. "She is dead!" gravely replied the person to whom he addressed his enquiries. "Why, I never heard it—what was her disease?" "Vanity," replied the other, "she buried herself alive in the arms of an old fellow of seventy, with a fortune, in order to have the glorious satisfaction of a gilded tomb."

TO MAKE CISTERN CEMENT.—Ashes two parts, three parts clay, one part sand, mixed with oil, will make a cement hard as marble, and impenetrable by water forever.

FEMALE INGENUITY.—A young lady, newly married, being obliged to show to her husband all the letters she wrote, sent the following to an intimate friend:

"I cannot be satisfied, my dearest friend, blest as I am in the matrimonial state, —unless I pour into your friendly bosom, which has ever beat in unison with mine, —the various sensations which swell, with the most lively emotions of pleasure, —my almost bursting heart. I tell you, my dear husband is the most amiable of men. —I have now been married seven weeks and I have never found the least reason to —repent the day that joined us. My husband is in person and manners far from resembling —ugly, cross, old, disagreeable and jealous monsters who think by confiding to secure; —a wife it is his maxim to treat always as a bosom friend and confident, and not as a —play-thing or menial slave, the woman chosen to be his companion. Neither party —he says, should always obey implicitly, but each yield to the other by turns.— —An ancient maiden aunt, near seventy, a cheerful, venerable, pleasant old lady, —lives in the house with us—she is the delight of both young and old; she is civil to the whole neighborhood round, generous and charitable to the poor.— —I'm convinced my husband loves nothing more than he does me; he flatters me more —than the glass, and his intoxication (for so I must call the excess of his love,) —often makes me blush for the unworthiness of its object. I wish I were more deserving —of the man whose name I bear. To say all in one word, my dear ——, and to —crown the whole, my former gallant lover is now my indulgent husband, my fondness —is returned, and I might have had a Prince without the felicity I find in —him. Adieu! may you be blest as I am unable to wish that I could be more perfectly —happy."

☞ For the true meaning, read every alternate line.

FRANKLIN PRINTING PRESS.—There is exposed to view, in the National Gallery, in this city, the identical press at which Franklin worked, when in London, about a hundred and twenty years ago. It is, however, bereft of tympan, frisket, and bed-stone, but, in all other respects, appears to be perfect, of its kind. The remains of ink upon its framework are as hard as asphaltum, and as black as the *tar* of the present day. The press was presented by Messrs. Harrild and Sons, Printers' Brokers, to John B. Murray, Esq. New York, in November, 1841. In Franklin's time, two hundred and fifty sheets an hour was considered good work, but now, to such perfection has the printing press been brought, that from two to five thousand impressions are thrown off within this period of time! [*Phil'a. paper.*

Some men think themselves very clever in tantalizing their wives; some, unpossessed of feeling themselves, may not understand how a vile word or stupid act can vex a keener soul, but it is meet to know and remember this; there is no greater crime than to take a woman from her father's hearth, where she stood in blooming independence, to load her with the cares of a family, and then to trample on her hopes by proving that he is no better than those for whom she never cared or sighed; that he is no worthier than those who are forgotten in her dreams, and passed unheeded as she clung with fondness to his arm.—Children of disappointment, why do women consider their lovers the choicest among the sons of men? [*Chuzzlewit.*

To join broken glass together.—Melt a little isinglass in spirits of wine, adding thereto about a fifth part of water, and using a gentle heat. When perfectly melted and mixed, it will form a transparent glue, which will unite glass so that the fracture will be hardly perceived.

To extract grease spots from silk or colored muslin.—Scrape French chalk, put it on the spot, and hold it near the fire, or over a warm iron. The grease will melt, and the French chalk absorb it; brush or rub it off; repeat if necessary.

A NICE POINT OF LAW.—Blackstone, speaking of the right of a wife to dower, asserts that if the land abide the husband for a single moment, the wife shall be endowed thereof: and he adds in a note that this doctrine was extended very far by a jury in Wales, where the father and son were hanged in one cart; but the son was supposed to have survived the father by appearing to struggle the longest, whereby he became seized of an estate by survivorship, in consequence of which seizing, his widow obtained a verdict of her dower!

Lold Bacon beautifully said—"If a man be gracious to strangers, it shows he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island cut off from other lands, but a continent that joins them.

America could support nine hundred and thirty millions of people without being so densely populated as Europe now is. The present population of Europe is about 238 millions; of America 55 millions; of the whole earth 1100 millions.

"My blood boils in my veins, and I will not try to still their throbbings, when I think of the banded tyrannies of the earth —the Asiatic, Assyrian, Egyptain, European—which have been united to crush down all human interests and rights. This is not with me, a matter of statistics, or of political generalities. Down into the bosom of society, down among the sweet domestic charities of ten thousand million homes, down among the sore and quivering fibres of human hearts unnumbered and innumerable—the iron of accursed despotism has been driven! At length from the long dark night of oppression, I see the people rising to reclaim and assert their rights. I see them taking the power which to them indubitably belong into their own hands. I rejoice to see it. I rejoice and yet I tremble. I tremble lest they should retaliate the wrongs they have endured."

The following account is said to be strictly true, and the facts have created a great sensation among learned men in Germany:

The Algemeine Zeitung, a German paper, received by the Cambria, gives a long account of the creation, by galvanism, of an egg, and its subsequent hatching, producing a fine, lively bird, of a perfectly unknown species, and without feather. This feat was performed by Prof. Geitling at Brunnnberk, after fourteen years spent in experiments. The editor of the German paper says he has seen the bird thus produced, and remarks:

"This most astonishing result has almost upset our previous notions of natural philosophy and the governing laws of animal organism. As we gazed upon the featherless bird hopping about, and feeding upon the seeds given upon it, we began to doubt the reality of our own existence, or that of any thing about us!"

Professor Geitling, encouraged by this miraculous success, was preparing to prosecute his experiments still farther, but the Algemeine Zeitung says that he has been compelled to close his Laboratory, by order of the Church authorities, who regard it as highly improper to bring animals into existence by this extraordinary method.

QUARRELS.—One of the most easy, the most common, most perfectly foolish things in the world, is to quarrel—no matter with whom—man, woman, or child, or on what pretences, provocation, or occasion whatever. There is no kind of necessity in it, no manner of use in it, and no species or degree of benefit to be gained by it, and yet, strange as the fact may be, theologians, politicians, lawyers, doctors, and princes quarrel; nations, tribes, corporations, men, women, children, dogs and cats, birds and beasts, quarrel about all manner of things, and all manner of occasions. If there is any thing in the world that will make a man feel bad, except pinching his fingers in the crack of the door, it is unquestionably a quarrel. No man ever fails to think less of himself after than he did before one; it degrades him in his own eyes, and in the eyes of others; and, what is worse blunts his sensibility to disgrace on the one hand, and increases the power of passionate irritability on the other. The truth is, the more quietly and peaceably we all get on, the better for ourselves, the better for our neighbors. In nine cases out of ten, the wisest course is, if a man cheats, you, quit dealing with him; if he is abusive, quit his company; if he slanders you, take care to live so that nobody will believe him. No matter who he is, or how he misuses you, the wisest way is generally just to let him alone, for there is nothing better than this cool, calm, quiet way of dealing with the wrongs we meet with.

[*Charleston Observer.*

"If you want your son not to fall in love with any splendiferous gal, praise her up to the skies, call her an angel, say she is a whole team and a horse to spare, and all that. The moment the critter sees her, he is a little disappointed, and says: "Well, she is handsome that's a fact; but she's not so *very* everlastin' purty, arter all." Then he criticises her. "Her foot is too thick in the instep; her mouth is too little; she has too much affectation; she rouges," and so on; and the more you praise her, the more you oppose him the more he abuses her, till he swears she is misrepresented, and aint handsome at all. Say nothing to him, and he is a perfect spooney—over head and ears in a minute. He sees all beauties and no defects, and is for walkin' into her affections at once. Nothin' damages a gal, a preacher, or a lake like overpraise. A hoss is the only thing in natur' that's helped by it." [*Sam Slick.*

"Do you know Mr. Simpson, pa?"

"Yes, my dear."

"Is he not a very deserving young man?"

"Yes, he deserves a flogging, and if he ever gallants you again, I will give it to him!" So much for Simpson.

What boy was that who dipped a cat's tail in turpentine the other day, and then set fire to it? As the Frenchman would say, so worse a boy I never shall see long time ago.

WHY RAILROADS WHICH ARE WANTING ARE NOT MADE.

It is a curious fact, that a dozen men, who happen to be in possession of a large amount of capital, can hold back the whole country in its interprises. There are, we suppose, about twelve men in this country who make rail-road iron. On their account, tribute is laid upon all the rail-road iron brought into our ports, a tribute which puts a severe discouragement upon the construction of rail-roads. For these twelve men the country stands still, and they who would at this moment be occupied in building a rail-road from this city to Albany and another to Lake Erie, were the price of railroad iron what it ought to be, have nothing to do but to wait for a modification of the tariff.

Rail-road iron can be obtained in England at $23 50 a ton; such we are informed is the price at which the Harlem Railroad Company have the opportunity of contracting for it. The duty is twenty-five dollars a ton, and when we add to this the charge of freight and transportation on a commodity the bulk and weight of which is so great a proportion to its cost, the advantage in favor of the American manufacture is enormous. No subjects of any absolute prince in Europe; no inhabitants of any pashalik under the Grand Sultan are taxed as we are taxed for the sake of a dozen men in this country who manufacture for railways.

Not long since, the president of one of the railroads in this country made application to the various makers of railroad iron, with a view of effecting a contract for a supply. He found that the lowest terms he could make with them was $65 a ton, nor would they bind themselves to deliver the iron at that price. Thus by the operation of our moderate and beneficial tariff, as Mr. Clay calls it, railroad iron is made to cost in this country nearly three times the sum at which it is furnished to the constructors of railroads in England. More than half the difference of price goes into the pockets of the American manufacturer of whom it is purchased.

It would be cheaper to give these men pensions. If they are to be a charge upon this county let us cast about for the most economical method of supporting them in comfort. Give them an annuity—it would cost less in the long run than dear railroad iron, and high rates of fare and high rates of freight on railroads. We should give a dozen men comfortable stipends for life, and relieve the enterprise of the country. The shareholders in the railroads would doubtless be glad to bear their part in the expense. They would probably be even willing, if the manufacturers of railway iron were open to such an arrangement, and if it were certain that Congress would recognise the bargain to buy off these dozen manufacturers by paying them a liberal annuity. They might then come before Congress and say—"We have provided for your favorites. We have made their fortunes, and there is no necessity to resort to taxation for their benefit, or to trouble yourselves farther on their accoount; let us now have a low revenue duty on the commodity which you have hitherto taxed so enormously."

The freight and passage alone on railroad iron amount to about three dollars and thirty cents a ton, which is protection of about fourteen per cent to the American manufacturer. Add to this the other expenses of bringing it into the American market, and superadd a very moderate revenue duty, and the protection is ample enough to satisfy any but a very unreasonable protectionist. [*N. Y. Paper.*

PROTECTION.—One of the chief characteristics of the protective policy, is the *taking* and facinating garb in which it is always dressed when presented to the public. If some great manufacturer is desirous of making more money from the capital invested in his business, and asks Congress to impose heavy burdens upon the masses for this object, he invariably disguises his real motives, and insists that such a policy will encourage American industry, and protect the farmer, the mechanic, and the laborer. The reason, then, which he urges for the adoption of the measure is not the real one; for if that were frankly avowed, he has the sagacity to know that he might ask in vain for the imposition of duties upon foreign fabrics which come in competition with his own. The farmers, mechanics, and laborers, are, by far, the most numerous in this country, and to keep them quiet under the exactions which high and protective duties impose upon them, charms them with the pretty idea of "protection to home industry."—[*Utica (N. Y. Democrat.*

EDUCATION.—A better safeguard for liberty than a standing army. If we entrench the wages of the schoolmaster, we must raise the wages of the recruiting sergeant.

When we are alone we have our thoughts to watch; in our families, our temper, and in society our tongues.

Benjamin F. Porter is the whig candidate for Governor of Alabama. It is probable he will be defeated—rather so.